The Weekly Museum.

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THE DANGERS OF DELAY.

[Continued from our last, and concluded.]

IN this short space of four and twenty hours, by a mixture of indolence and suspicion, the first arising from unrestrained indulgence, the last from an affected knowledge of the world, I had deprived one fellow creature of existence, and another of what is justly deemed dearer than existence—of honor. I had been too indolent to turn aside for a moment to relieve the pangs of penury and disease; but, too active in the gratification of pleasure, I could stop to insult virtue, to aggravate distress: yet had I not in the least deviate from those paths of rectitude and honor prescribed by the world as sacred and infallible. I had forfeited no claim to the world by respect; nay, my conduct would sooner have incurred approbation than censure, imitation than abhorrence. Such is the depravity of the age, such the influence of fashion, that Vice receives the homage due to Virtue; while Ridicule, become the test of Wit, aims her successful shaft at Merit.

Had I listened to the voice of Conscience, that sure monitor given by the liberal hand of Nature to counteract the pernicious effects of evil communications, I should not have erred; I should have rejected with scorn the specious suggestions of pretended wisdom; despising so pitiful a subterfuge, I should have applied the superfluous gifts of Fortune to the use for which they are designed by Reason, Justice, and Humanity—to the relief of indigence, and the alleviation of misfortune. Such conduct would have ensured the most grateful applause, in the approbation of conscious integrity; and secured me from the keen sensations of remorse, which now oppressed my mind with merited anguish.

Having thus endeavoured to impress the moral which I meant to convey, and which was my sole inducement to the present narration, I might with propriety resign the pen; but, for the gratification of the reader's curiosity, I shall proceed to a brief relation of the sequel.

When I left Mrs. Villars, as soon as the agitation of my mind had sufficiently subsided to admit of cool reflection, I resolved on the best mode of inflicting a punishment, in a small degree adequate to his crime, on the base despoiler of Louisa's honour. In pursuit of which, on the following day I repaired to his parish, in order to make some previous enquiries respecting his general character and conduct. In my way to the house of a merchant, to whom I addressed myself for that purpose, I passed by the church, at the door of which was assembled a concourse of people; and hearing a general murmer of discontent, I stopped to enquire the cause. They informed me that, the preceding evening, at the hour appointed by the rector, the corpse of a poor man, who died in the parish, had been brought thither for interment; but that, after waiting an hour and an half, no clergyman appearing, they had been compelled to reconvey the corpse to the place from whence they brought it: that, by the rector's special appointment, they had again brought the corpse for the interment, and had then been waiting an hour for his arrival. At this instance the reverend hypocrite approached. The branching curl, and other coxcomical appendages of his well-dressed head, proclaimed the cause of this fashionable delay. Curiosity induced me to follow him into the church, whither he went to put on his surplice. The book was open. He had placed himself at the head of the solemn procession, and was about to commence the service; but the clerk whispering something in his ear, the book was instantly closed, the surplice stripped off, and the worthy priest preparing to retire with indignant precitation, when he was stopped by the people who attended the corpse. Something like a scuffle ensued. One enquiry, I found that the friends of the deceased, having been put to an additional expence by the extraordinary attendance of the undertaker and his men, in consequence of the rector's failure to observe his appointment the preceding evening, had not sufficient to pay the fees; and though but a few shillings were wanting, he resolutely persisted in his refusal to bury the corpse. This intelligence raised my indignation too high for restraint; I made my way through the crowd, which, by this time, was considerably increased: and telling the widow of the deceased, who, in a posture of humbly supplication, was entreating the obdurate priest to proceed, that I would discharge the fees, took out my pocket-book, and thus addressed him, in a voice sufficiently loud to be distinctly hear by the surrounding multitude, whose eyes were now intently fixed on me—"As I am a stranger to you, Sir, my simple promise to discharge the fees may not be sufficient: therefore, take this note, (offering the note which I had received from Mrs. Villars,) "that, I believe will suffice to——" Here he interrupted me with an air of haughty superciliousness, to tell me that I must address myself to his clerk; who now stepped forward.—"Well, then, since you, Sir," speaking to the clerk, "are the rector's treasurer—though, I trust, not the pander of his guilty pleasures—take this note for *fifteen pounds*; and tell him, it is the note which yesterday he had the baseness to offer to a virtuous young lady, for the villainous purpose of seduction. Yes, good people," addressing myself to the crowd, "your worthy pastor may well be rigid in the exaction of fees which custom, in dispite of reason and humanity, enables him to demand alike from the poor as the rich, when the momentary gratification of his sensual enjoyments is attended with such considerable expence." And then gave the note to the clerk, and with a few shillings for the payment of the fees; leaving the rector petrified with astonishment, and compelled to begin the service, as the only mode of silencing the clamours of his congregation.

I next went to the merchant, to make my enquiries. From him I learnt, that Mr. Jones, the rector, had been designed by his parents for trade. With this view, he was bound apprentice to a mechanic in the city, who failed before he had served his time: that soon after, he had set up business himself; but, from imprudence and mismanagement, followed his master's example. He, however, contrived to save something from the wreck; with which he repaired to Oxford, and entered himself a commoner; where, though his ignorance exposed him to the ridicule of his fellow students, he remained some time, but was refused his degree. How he had obtained orders, he knew not; but he knew that he had a living in Gloucestershire, where he had so far insinuated himself into the good graces of a gentleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, as to prevail on her to accompany him to Scotland. With a small fortune, which his wife possessed independent of her father, he purchased a living in Herefordshire; but the pleasures of a country life having no charms for a man who was without resources in his own mind, he had lately exchanged his living for that he now possessed. His wife, disgusted with his indifference, had, a few weeks before, left him, to live with her father.

When he first came to London to take possession of his living, thinking it necessary to add to his consequence by a degree, he enclosed a draft to the benevolent and philanthropic Society of Aberdeen; who, ever ready charitably to administer to a man's wants without investigating his merits, by return of post sent him a doctor's degree, drawn out in due form. Since his residence in the parish, he had been grossly inattentive to his duty. A few nights before, a neighbour's wife being at the point of death, the husband had sent for him, to pray by her; but he returned for an answer, that he was just going out, having an indispensable engagement, and could not possibly wait on her till his return. This engagement proved to be an assembly. He concluded his account by telling me, that he had vainly endevoured to conciliate respect by concealing profound ignorance under affected pomposity.

I thanked the merchant for his information; and immediately waited on the bishop of the diocese, to whom I related the whole of Mr. Jones's conduct to Louisa, without a comment. The reverend prelate, with unaffected piety, expressed his abhorrence of the deed; but wisely refused to take any decisive step for punishing its author, till he had duly investigated the matter. "If," said he, "there be a man so deeply corrupted, as to resist the tenets of a religion whose doctrine whose energetic force must strike conviction to the plainest understanding, and whose purity must command esteem from the most hardened—he is a proper object of exemplary punishment. If such a man be permitted to continue the exercise of those functions which should only be discharged by the virtuous and pious, the sacred cause of religion must indeed be injured, as the prevalence of example is strong: but the removal and punishment of an unworthy minister must have a contrary effect, by demonstrating the vigilance and attention of those whom the laws have appointed guardians of the Church. Could human perverfity be foreseen, its evil effects might be avoided; but it is impossible to read the heart of man. While hypocrisy can impose, iniquity may thrive; but, sooner or later, the mask must fall, and

thy fuccefs be impeded, and punifhment

my leave of the learned prelate, after giving information in my power on the fubject of my and, foon after, had the fatisfaction of hearing that Jones was deprived of his living, and incapacitated from officiating as a clergyman.

My vifits to Mrs. Villars and her lovely daughter became frequent. To make them fome trifling amends for paft misfortunes, I refolved to fecure them from the future frowns of Fate, by placing them in a ftate of independent comfort: and accordingly purchafed an adequate annuity, which I compelled them to accept. But I had the unfpeakible mortification to find all my endeavors to confole Louifa fruitlefs and vain: that exquifite fenfibility, which had betrayed her to diftionor, now acted as a flow-confuming fire, which dried the warm channels of her heart, withered the fair bloffoms of youth, and reduced her, hapleis victim! to an untimely grave.

The painful thorn of Remorfe ftill rankles in my bofom; nor has the lenient hand of Time been able to blunt its keennefs.

A STRANGE STORY.

THE roads through the Republican territory continue to be infefted by robbers, infomuch that thofe who have occafion to travel, having been long appriſed by the public prints of the number of aſſaſſinations committed by thofe Brigands, no longer expofe themfelves by night on the public roads. The Brigands, thus finding their plans defeated, have adopted another mode, of which one of them became the victim a few days ago.

In the village of Trappe, about a league diſtant from Verſailles, a traveller found himſelf benighted. The roads in the vicinity being unſafe, he determined to ſleep there. He entered into a ſmall tavern, and converſed with the wife, in whoſe converſation he thought he could diſtinguiſh an honeſt heart. Juſt as he was on the point of going to bed, at half paſt ten o'clock, he heard ſome one entering the houſe: he liſtened gently at the door, to diſcover whether it was the landlord of the tavern, who was abſent on his arrival. The firſt words he heard were addreſſed by the wife to the huſband: "Have you found any game this evening?" No, replied the huſband. We have ſome above ſtairs, ſaid the wife. They now went in, and the traveller heard no more. His ſituation was terrible. To remain where he was, was dangerous, to make a pretext for going out, ſtill more ſo. He ſtirred the cinders, as if in the act of covering the fire, let his ſhoes fall, and, in a word, made pretty nearly the noiſe of a perſon going to bed. He now locked himſelf on the bed, kept his piſtols and ſword in readineſs, and expected, not without agitation, the moment when he ſhould be attacked. At midnight, the noiſe of a ladder placed againſt the wall, and that of a trap raiſed at the bed-ſide, convinced him of the attempt which was about to be made. He crept by the foot of the bed, and at the inſtant when the tavern keeper had half entered the room, he made a cut at his head with a ſabre. The latter fell into the apartment below. The light being extinguiſhed, the woman who miſtook her wounded huſband for the traveller, laid hold of him and cut his throat. At this moment the trampelling of horſes was heard: the traveller looked out at the window, and perceived a body of Gendarmes who were returning from eſcorting the mail. He gave an alarm, and the Gendarmes forced the door. The traveller told the ſtory. The Gendarmes ſeized both him and the woman, and conducted them to priſon at Verſailles, where they are now trying by the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of Seine and Oiſe.

PASCHASIUS's "JUGUM CONJUGII" TRANSLATED.

[illegible] day, nor hour, nor minute e'er can paſs,
[illegible] clock can't tick, nor loſe one ſand the glaſs,
[illegible] wife's tongue continually will run;
[illegible] we're to ſale all, and ſelf-undone.
[illegible] the worſt. Thus, for my eaſe,
[illegible] I lie, I ſcold, my wife to pleaſe:
Thus paſs by war, thus wed by peace I get,
And quietly to [illegible] I form my fate,
Compell'd [illegible] wife to hold.
[illegible] are the joyous [illegible] which [illegible]

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONG.

PRITHEE Pithya, don't miſtake me,
When I ſaid I lov'd you true,
Nor SAINT, nor SINNER did I make ye,
Tho' now perceive I've injur'd you.

This crime ſincerely I'll lament,
Till you relieve my woes,
Or welcome death is kindly ſent
To give my ſoul repoſe.

If you ſhould think repentant youth
Deſerving ſtill your love,
In me you'll find unſpotted truth,
As pure as from above.

So when you chuſe t'engage for life,
I'll bring a prieſt to bind us,
Exchange the Goddeſs for a Wife,
And bleſs the pow'rs that join'd us.

JUNE 14, 1797.

CRISPIN AND KITTY:

Supposed to be writen by a poor broken-hearted Cobler on the death of his Wife.

AS cloſe as to the ſturdy ſole,
"Is ſtitch'd the upper leather,
"While I on hoofs clos'd many a hole,
"We hoof'd thro' life together.

"We wax'd in love, a faithful pair,
"I prix'd her as my awl;
"But when at laſt her end drew near,
"Death coax'd her from my ſtall!

"Yet tho' my lapſtone's now a load,
"My ſtrap ſcarce worth attending;
"I truſt my Kit now finds abode,
"Where ſouls no more want mending!"

Thus CRISPIN ſung in doleful dumps,
Tho' bootleſs was the ſtave;
Till eyes that ſtream'd o'er ſhoes and pumps,
Were clos'd in KITTY's grave!

SONGS OF THE NEGROES IN MADAGASCAR.

Ampanani. LOVELY captive, what is thy name?

Vainah. I am called Vainah.

Ampanani. Vainah, thou art beautiful as the firſt beam of the morning. But why hangs the tear on thy long eye-laſhes?

Vainah. King, I had a lover.

Ampanani. Where is he?

Vainah. Perhaps he periſhed in thy battle; perhaps he found ſafety in flight.

Ampanani. Be he fallen or fled, I will be thy lover.

Vainah. O, King, take pity of the tears that wet thy feet.

Ampanani. What wilt thou?

Vainah. The unhappy one has kiſſed my eye-lids; he has kiſſed my lips; he has ſlept upon my boſom; he dwells in my heart; nothing can tear him from it.

Ampanani. Take up the veil, and cover thy young charms.

Vainah. Allow me to ſeek him among the ſlain, or among the fugitives.

Ampanani. Go, lovely Vainah. Periſh the wretch that would match a kiſs mingled with tears.

O NO: drag me to the ſhore; do not ſell me to the white men. Let me not leave forever the dear land of my home. My mother, did I not ſuck at thy boſom? Am I not the firſt fruit of thy love? What have I done, that I ſhould deſerve to be a ſlave? I have comforted thy age. For thee I have ſtubbed the ſoil; for thee I have gathered the fruit; for thee I have dared to gripe at the river-fiſh. I have covered thee from the chill dews of night. I have carried thee at noon to muſky ſhades. I have driven the ſtinging flies from the couch of thy ſleep. O, my mother, what wilt thou do without me? Will the price of my land doom buy thee another daughter? Thou wilt periſh for want, unwatched in the ſickneſs of age: and I ſhall [illegible] that I cannot by to help thee. Mother, mother, [illegible] lovely child.

AN OLD BACHELOR's REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGE is confinement, and confinement is miſery. Liberty is eſſential to happineſs; for without it, the world and all its enjoyments are inſipid. Aſk French Republicans the value of liberty; they ſay that life without liberty is contemptible, and exiſtence a curſe. "Liberty or death!" is re-echoed by a thouſand ghoſts of Columbian heroes who have ſealed their teſtimony with the richeſt blood of America.

There is no happineſs but in liberty, nor liberty but in celibacy. The bachelor is the only free man, free from family expenſe, which is ſome hundreds—free to make love and marry if a charming object ſtrike his fancy; not tied to a piece of antiquity he has been loving theſe twenty years; free from the torture of jealouſy, that hell within, that excruciating anguiſh of the ſoul; free to forſake a peeviſh companion; would he emigrate, or change buſineſs, he meets no oppoſition from a wife and family; if he incurs diſgrace, he involves no wife, nor children in infamy; at death, free from the pain of parting with his family, left perhaps to be ſtarved in a pityleſs uncharitable world.

Marriage extinguiſhes ambition, ſtupifies youth, and gives a check to every ſpecies of mental improvement—the married man's ideas are confined to the narrow ſphere of wife and children; to feed, clothe, and make them comfortable, engroſſes his whole attention, labour, and property. Men never advance farther in the cultivation of their minds than that point at which they marry; there they ſtop ſhort; there they take their degree in intellectual merit, arts, ſciences, politics, and public uſefulneſs—Slavery checks every noble ſentiment of the ſoul, ſtifles genius, prevents the growth of knowledge, degrades man in his own eſteem, depraves the mind, and ſinks him into lethargy, ignorance and apathy. Witneſs the ſlaves of the Eaſt, nearer brutes than men in intellect. Witneſs our Negroes, how far inferior to us in knowledge, though poſſeſſing capacities equally good; ſuch is the effect of ſlavery. Witneſs our own acquaintance, moſt eminent characters, generals, magiſtrates, or legiſlators, are or have been Old Bachelors.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.

HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

A reply to the above.

——"What ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt,
All other knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanced and like folly ſhews:
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat;
Build in her, loveſt, and creation awe,
About her as a guard angelic placed."

IT becomes him who is born of woman, indebted to female tenderneſs for his being, to female inſtruction for his firſt ideas; it becomes him who is the friend of mankind, and knows the influence of woman to promote the virtues and happineſs of her family, of ſociety, of the world—it becomes him to ſpeak well of the ſex.

Nature has formed thoſe queens of the creation, with a delicate hand, lovely as flowers of ſummer, mild as the breeze of morning; complete quinteſſences of all that is amiable and attractive—the fine texture of their bodies, the tunefulneſs of their voices, the niceneſs of their intellectual powers, the ſoftneſs of their tempers, the tenderneſs of their hearts, the juſtneſs of their taſtes, their innate ſenſe of propriety all denote a ſuperiority of nature, characteriſtic of beings of a higher order of exiſtence. Marriage, then, which unites us to theſe angelic creatures, makes them our own by legal right and title, indentifies our fleſh, individualizes our bone, makes them part of our own ſelf—Bone of our bone, and fleſh of our fleſh, is Elyſium, is Paradiſe!—O the tranſports of conjugal love! the rapturous affection, which flows from an union with the moſt beautiful and amiable ornaments of creation! whoſe agreeable ſociety poliſhes our manners, refines our ideas, humanizes ſavage man, enables the ſoul, ſoftens the natural ſternneſs of our nature, invigorates hope, and excite honorable emulation, by the ſweet ſmiles of undiſſembled innocence and purity. Who could be guilty of injuſtice, cruelty, and meanneſs; loving and beloved by an amiable

lady? Approbation from whatever quarter is highly pleasing to human nature; but the approbation of the lady we love excites joyful emotions, her friendship transports the soul; but her love electrifies the whole microcosm, and when love increases to fondness---'tis thunder, 'tis lightening, kindling a flame of extacy which I leave to the imagination of the experienced to describe, words are inadequate, and nature can only give signs by impetuous tides of thrilling blood, and fluttering palpitations.

Celibacy is existence thrown away; and every unmarried day is a blank in life:---Till Hymen smile propitious, every evening my liturgy shall close with the exclamation of,

"I've lost a day."

SATURDAY, *June* 17, 1797.

On Wednesday evening last was found drifted on Governor's Island, a middle aged man, who appeared to have been some time since drowned---his coat and waistcoat resembled a sailor's, had on black satin breeches, with overalls, two pair of silk and cotton stockings, with good shoes tied with strings.

On Thursday afternoon the citizens were refreshed by a momentary shower of rain, accompanied with several heavy claps of thunder. That part of the cloud which was the leaviest charged with electric fluid passed immediately over this city to the Eastward; the lightning struck near the Trinity Church, but did no great damage. It appears to have passed down the conductor of the church, and attracted in part thence by the iron bar and points on the fence, it carried away the Fleur de Lis of the 3d post at the N. E. corner of the church, the same post that was struck about three years ago. Two other claps are said to have struck in town, but we could not learn the particulars. An Ox was killed in a field adjoining Gen. Gate's 3 miles out.

PEACE WITH THE EMPEROR.

[*AUTHENTIC.*]

The following article stands under the Liverpool head of the 6th ult. "We stopt the Press to insert the following important extract of a letter from Hull. A neutral vessel from Hamburgh is just arrived here with intelligence of accounts and confirmed papers having sailed Hamburgh last Thursday, of the EMPE[ROR] CONCLUDED A SEPERATE PEA[CE] FRENCH REPUBLIC.

An editorial estimate of the prisoners into the hands of the French during the pr[esent] makes the number 30,000.

It was reported at St. Croix, when Capt. Bromham [sail]ed, that Victor Hugues had fitted out nearly 100 small a[rm]ed vessels in order, it was supposed, to go against Tri[nid]ad, which he had sanguine hopes of taking.

Late advices from Spain mention that a rich Spanish fleet from South America, with several millions on board, has arrived at Teneriffe, where the money was landed that was looking for by the HUNGRY fleet of Admiral Jarvis. They should have cruised farther to the westward.

The House of Representatives has passed a Resolution, that no part of the money appropriated for fortifications shall be expended on places not ceded to the United States ---of course, none can be expended on New-York harbour.

On the 14th of April an Embargo was laid in Cadiz on all foreign vessels, till further orders.

Thursday evening in Augustus-street, a man, whose name we have not learnt, cut his throat. He is said to have been lately disordered in his senses, and it is supposed from some of his frantic expressions, and the time he chose to execute his purpose, that the violent storm and thunder had a sudden and fatal influence upon his mind already deranged.

Same evening a negro man was apprehended in the act of setting fire to a back building in Murray street, near Warren street. He was taken to the watch-house.

By a report of a committee of Congress on the state of the Union, it appears, that the following sums are wanting to finish the works in the several states:---New-York, 90,000 dollars---Philadelphia, 40,000---Virginia, 10,000 ---North Carolina, 10,000---South Carolina, 40,000---Georgia, 10,000---Total, 200,000 dollars.

We learn, by the America, from Cadiz, that the new Spanish Admiral's name is Don Mazaredo; that he is much beloved by the crews; that he has obtained for them from government, an advance of 30 dollars per month, and a new stock of provisions; that the point of their attack on the blockading fleet was fixed at the moment of the junction of 7 Spanish and 7 french line of battle ships from Carthagena, which were momently expected---it was then intended to drive Jervis from the Mediterranean, or perish; that the Santissima Trinidada (which was said to have been taken by Jervis, and afterwards to have sunk, &c. &c. and of which we had not been able to get any certain account) was nearly ready for sea, and would join the fleet.

On the 26th April, Capt. Baxter passed through the fleet of Admiral Jervis, who were then blockading the port of Cadiz, consisting of 22 sail of the line and 5 frigates; he was ordered on board Admiral Parker's ship, when, after a strict examination, was permitted to proceed. The first lieutenant of the ship informed him that before the fleet left Lisbon the Portuguese had sent an ambassador to Paris TO TREAT FOR PEACE, and that he expected they would not permit the British fleet to enter their ports for the future. On the passage Capt. B. was boarded by a French privateer, [illegible] treated politely.

The ship Alfred, of B[illegible], Capt. Alcock, bound from Lisbon to Saffee, with [illegible] dollars on board, was captured by a French privateer, who took out the money and put it in the privateer, and put men on board to bring her into Ceuta, but on the 15th of April, was captured by Admiral Jervis, who [illegible]brated her and desired the Capt. to go to Cadiz to seek [illegible]fers for the money, and on the night of the 6th the Capt. [illegible]ras the ship on shore 8 miles to the southward of Cadiz. The Capt. and Crew on their arrival in Cadiz, were [illegible] in irons in the Castle, called Santa Pietre.

Capt. Baxter contradicts the report of the arrival of a Spanish fleet at Cadiz [illegible]med that a number of Spanish vessels [illegible] had arrived at [illegible]

[illegible] was wel[illegible] 1000 pri[illegible] gate, and comp[illegible] that nine men acc[illegible]

JOHN HARRISSON most grateful to the respectable subscribers to the for the patronage and encouragement years past, and informs them that to the Ninth Volume; and pleases himself to render it both useful and entertaining successful---and assures them he exertions to please, while honored by tensive a patronage.

To add a weight to the obligation each subscriber will [illegible] sight.

RICKETTS's NEW CIRCUS,

GREENWICH-STREET.

Mr. Durang's Benefit.

Mr Durang respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that his Benefit is fixed for MONDAY EVENING, June 19, 1797. The most favorite and pleasing Equestrian Performances are selected for this evening, which together with the great variety of amusements on the stage are so arranged as to require very little interval between. To commence with surprising equilibriums on the

SLACK WIRE,

For this night only, by Mr Durang.

1st act of Horsemanship---Mr Ricketts will exhibit his much admired performance of the

BROAD SWORD,

On the celebrated horse CORNPLANTER.

Several astonishing feats by Mr F. Ricketts, Master Franklin, and Master Hutchins. Clown by Mr Durang, (for this night only)

A DOUBLE HORNPIPE, by Mr Durang and Miss Sully.

A Comic Interlude wherein will be displayed

HARLEQUIN'S ANIMATION.

Mr F. Ricketts,

Harlequin, who will leap thro a BARREL of FIRE, 7 feet high.
Pantaloon, Mr Jones---flying leap thro the MOON.
Clown, Mr Durang---flying leap thro the SUN.
Magician, Mr Bird, flying leap down a Monster's Throat.

TUMBLING and *BALLANCING*

By the whole troop, with a variety of things too numerous to insert.

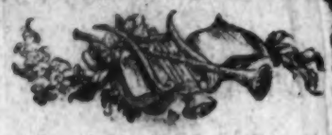
The whole to conclude with the grand historical Pantomime in 2 acts, never performed here; the plot written by Mrs Rowson, of the Philadelphia Theatre, and performed there with universal applause.---The 1st Part is a characteristic alegorical prologue to the 2d, called

THE FAIR AMERICAN.

The 2d Part is the memorable event which happened in the year 1794, called,

THE WESTERN EXPEDITI[ON]

The Whisk[illegible]



Court of Apollo.

LINES

Written by a Shoe-maker, when in a state of gre[at power-]
ty, respecting his wife.

THE dew drop sparkling in her eye,
The lilly on her breast,
The rose buds on her lips supply
My rich, my sweet repast

Nor mourn I much my task severe
Which endless wants impose---
But oh! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes.

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
While blood her furrowed fingers steeps
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold
Our labours are begun,
And when he streaks the west with gold
The task is still undone.

EXTEMPORE ON TWO MAIDEN SISTERS;

Betty, the elder, good-humoured, and Jenny, the younger, lean, cross and ugly, but had boasted that she was a TOAST in her youth.

ALAS! poor JENNY, vain thy boast,
That in thy youth thou wast a Toast;
A Toast, if ever, thin and dry,
No butter on the Toast would lie;
To BET's good-humour I incline,
You are the TOAST but she's the WINE.

[...AVILAND's]

Just Hat[...]ission,

[...]ship,
Has receive[d] in addition to his former Assortment, the following

New and Enterta[...]ning Novels.

[...]AMILIA, or a Picture of Yout[...]
Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heir[ess]
Celina, or a young lady's entrance into the world.
Mysteries of Udolpho, Romance of the Forest,
Sicilian Romance, Barford Abbey, Nature and Art,
Royal Captive, a Fragment of Secret History, (2 vls.)
The Foresters, (by Miss Gunning)
Memoirs of Count Comminge, Wanderings of Islander,
Sorrows of Edith, or the Hermitage of the Castle,
Younger Brother, (by Mr Dodsley)
Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake,
Desmond, (by Charlotte Smith) Haunted Cavern,
Count Roderick's Castle, or Gothic Times,
Hainault Priory, or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo,
Duke of Clarence, Augusta Denbeigh, Italian Nun,
Roger de Clarendon, Robert and Adela,
History of Captain and Miss Rivers,
Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowson) Paul and Mary,
Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowson) Contrast,
Julians Harley, John of Gaunt,
Sutton Abbey, Charlotte's Letters,
Baroness d'Alonton, Emely Montague,
Gonzalvo of Cordova, Mystic Cottager of Chamouny,
Charles Mo[...]ville, Arundel, German Gil Blas,
[...], or the Cottage on the Moor,
Louisa, the Lovely Orp[han], Pilgrimage, Fatal Follies,
Madame de Bimevelt, [...]an of Unna,
Lady Montague's Letters, He[...] Adventurer,
Solyman and Isima, Frenc[h] (the Arabian Nights)
Arabian Tales, a continuation [of] Trenck,
Philanthropic Rambler, Bar[on] ment,
Rencounter, or Transition of a [...] and Merton,
Ned Evans, Joseph, Sandfor[d] ...la,
Silver Desk, Sydney and Esq[uire] ...mes,
Widow, or a Picture of moder[n] Passion,
Gabrielle de Verger, Victu[rn] ...pathetic Tales,
Recluse of the Apennines, [&c.]
Fool of Quality, Julia Be[...]er, Pamela,
Man of Feeling, Sorrows of [Werter] World.
Julia de Roubigne, Cu[...] Jones,
Ba[...]

[...]o,
[...]ace,
[...]ess,
Rowe's Letters,
[...]mith's Works, Messiah,
Miscellaneous Works, Volney's Ruins,
Chronicles of the Kings of England,
[...]ny, (with elegant engravings.)

[...], with Plates
[...]ament, S[...] of the Times,
[...] Bibles [...]grim's Progress,
[...] Plant [...]tch Church,
Re[...]ns [...]rtship,
[...]sters, Fletc[...]'s Lives,
[...] Letters,

For Sale,

A Corner lot of land, on the main Bowery Road, near Byard's Lane, and a small lot on the rear of said lot---terms one part cash, remainder may remain twenty years on interest.

Also, Two small double genteel Houses for sale, lease 19 years unexpired, subject to no ground rent during the remainder of the term, one a grocery store, on the main Bowery Road and corner of Bleecker-Street, the other joins said house, suitable for a small family. For terms apply to JOHN WARNHAM, on the premises, or Mr GEORGE WEBSTER, No. 24, Ann-street, near Nassau-street, or Mr JOHN BENSON, opposite the Oswego Market, Maiden-lane.

Also, To be leased, five lots of land situate on the Bowery Road and Greenwich-Street.

Also, Two small houses in Charlotte-street, near the East River---Also, Two houses in Henry-street, near the New Market. The streets will be dug out and paved by the present owner at his own expence. Lease 13 years unexpired, terms part cash, remainder in 6 and 12 months.
January 14. 46 tf

Public Notice

IS hereby given to all persons who may have claims against the estate of MALACHI MOSELY, deceased; whether by Bond, Note, or Book debt, that they bring them properly attested, to the subscriber, administrator, at Back Bay, Princess-Ann County, Virginia, within four months from the date hereof, otherwise they will be barred from any such claim. TILLY MOSELY.
New-York, May 23, 1797. 65---4m

Dutch Cloths.

BLACK and blue, of a superior quality, and, a neat assortment of London superfine cloths.
White and brown Russia sheetings,
Flanders bed bunts and ticken,
Russia diapers and table cloths,
Black Italian crape,
Plain, striped, and cross-bar'd silk shawls,
Coloured and black lutestrings,
Embroidery silk, a complete assortment, and a valuable parcel of BLACK LACES---for sale by
ROBERT Mc. MENNOMY,
No. 110, William-street.

S. LOYD,

[...]forms her friends and the public
[...]ues to carry on the STAY and MANBUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
[...]pes for the continuance of those favors
[...]constant endeavors to deserve. 1748

W. PALMER,
Painter and Ornamental Painter,

HAS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-street, corner of the Old-slip where he continues to carry on the
Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the lowest possible terms.
N. B. Gilding, Varnishing and Sign Painting executed in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. May 27.

For Sale,

A Quantity of Cherry boards, superior quality---2 and 2 1-2 inch do. of plank, and joist; clear and common seasoned pine boards and plank; maple, ash and whitewood plank; whitewood, maple and beach joist; bilsted, and half inch whitewood boards; inch dry pine plank---and common scantling---by
DANIEL HITCHCOCK,
June 3. 66 6t No. 79 Gold-street.

JOHN VANDER POOL,
Sign Painter Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street fronting Coenties-Slip,
HAS for sale, Window Glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Seed Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cap for Cash, or approved notes.
Aug. 5 83---tf.